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STYLE.

WHAT is worth doing at all, is allowed to be worth doing well; and so fully is this maxim recognised in life, that the performance of anything in an inferior or *shabby* manner is always supposed to be indicative of a certain meanness of mind. In English ethics, therefore, shabbiness bears a very contemptuous interpretation, while its opposite—a disposition to do things handsomely, or in style—commands universal applause. Nor can there be anything unreasonable in this view of matters, looking at appearances as the exponent of internal convictions. It may be generally observed, that the man who performs an act in a handsome manner, is also the most generous and estimable. No man was ever truly great who attempted to do things by halves.

So inextricably interwoven with the framework of our ideas is this estimate of *manner*, that the doing of a thing 'in style' has become, in common speech, synonymous with excellence itself. My friend Jackson is so thoroughly imbued with this notion of style, that with him it has become a ruling principle of life. He has faith in style, and would as soon forego belief in the thing itself, as in the potency of the manner in which it appears. He keeps house in style, and certainly a more elegant or more comfortable mansion does not exist. Dwellings there may be more gaudy and expensive, but none, we are confident, in which there are more substantiality and taste, without any attempt at lacquering, or effort in getting up. To crown the whole, there is a certain style about his beautiful wife and children which makes one almost feel envious; and envious we would most decidedly be, did not we know in our hearts that they belong to a man most perfectly deserving of such a treasury of happiness. As with his house, so with his establishment in the city; for my friend is not above the necessity of applying his head to business. This place is a model of elegance and strength: the grounds are laid out in green-sward and shrubbery, and gravelled walks, albeit they lead to a four-storeyed factory. Enter this cotton palace, and the entire arrangements, the aspect of the machinery, and the conduct of the men and women, strike you at once that the whole is under the presiding genius of one who is fully determined 'to do things in style.' Follow his employés to the streets and to their homes, and you will find alike from their demeanour, their dress, and their residences, that they have caught, as it were by inoculation, the spirit of their master, and are equally actuated by the principles of style. If there are fewer tattered garments and filthy apartments among them than among any other equal number of the population, rest assured that style is at the bottom of the reformation; so true is it that like begets like, and that there is no surer mode of

raising a man's moral nature than by cultivating his perception of the chaste and beautiful. It is not, however, in what may be considered mere economical arrangements that Jackson's faith in manner predominates; he is equally guided by it in feeling and conduct. If he be called upon to subscribe for a distressed family, let him only be assured of their deserving necessity, and he hands his cheque for ten pounds with a willingness and sincerity of feeling that makes the gift doubly valuable. There is no hankering, no grumbling about the frequency of calls of this nature, no complaint of bad times, no prying inquisitiveness into circumstances, no railing at the improvidence of the poor; none, in short, of those obstacles which overwhelm the generosity of little souls, who have no notion whatever of the beauty of doing things in style. Again, let him be called upon in public meeting to subscribe for some city improvement, and his name goes down at once for one hundred or two hundred guineas, as the case may be; he hands the paper to his neighbours without boast or comment, leaving them to the conviction that, as usual, Jackson has done the thing in style. Nor is there any vanity in all this. To say that there is no pride, would be to talk absurdity; for a just and honourable pride must ever be at the foundation of self-respect; and it is self-respect that raises us above all that is mean, and heartless, and contaminating.

The public usually show a keen appreciation of style, and their verdict on this point is decisive for or against the individual who aspires to their favour. Let the premier come forward with a measure in which some great principle is involved—no matter what it be—if he present it boldly and frankly, without any equivocation or reserve, without any frittering or chopping which can lead to the suspicion of insincerity, then he is sure to be hailed with the merit of having done it in style. Be it a boon to be granted, or a necessity to be met, John Bull is equally indifferent, provided the thing be given or taken in a gentlemanly way. It is not the matter so much as the manner that puts him out of humour; he naturally hates all meanness and snivelling, but gloriously delights in affairs that are managed in style. The same standard he carries with him into private life. The heir who recently came to his estate, who keeps a fine equipage, converses with his tenants, improves his lands, and employs the peasantry, is applauded for living in style. The spendthrift or cheat may keep as gay an equipage, may have as many dogs and hunters; but the populace are not led to a false judgment by such appearances. We may hear of such a one living in 'grand style,' or in 'gay style;' but we never catch an echo of the satisfactory verdict that the spendthrift 'does it in style.' So it is with every other phase of conduct: a 'stylish' man is sure to be an elegant well-dressed person of gentle-

manly demeanour; as far removed above foppery and tinsel as he is above rags and vulgarity; and a man of this stamp, if requested to confer a favour, would rather frankly decline doing it at all, than be suspected of the meanness of not doing it in style. To be sure we occasionally hear of this or that person being 'quite in style,' or of certain things being 'rather stylish;' but these are mere satirical applications of the term, intended to ridicule that aping vanity which would take upon itself the airs, and dress, and qualities of a rank incompatible with its situation.

We are now called on to observe, that this idea of style relates to something deeper than externals. It is indeed a principle—a reality in mind, and a characteristic of things as essential to their excellence as the substance of which they are composed. The stones and blocks which constitute a house are still the same materials, whether they are piled as taken from the quarry, or chiselled and arranged with reference to form and symmetry; but no one will hold for a moment that they are quite as good and apt in the one case as they are in the other. View them in the humblest light, as merely affording shelter from wind and rain, the blocks that are compactly and symmetrically arranged will answer that purpose infinitely better than those which are rudely thrown together. But, besides the elements of simple utility, we have an eye to be pleased, and a sense of beauty and form to be gratified. To withhold from these the legitimate objects of their desires, is to degrade man to the level of the brute, or at all events to prevent him from rising above the lowest state of savage existence. The acquirement of styles and modes of form is but the cultivation of intellectual tastes; and as these are elevated, so rise men in civilisation and refinement. The cultivation of refined tastes may not be virtue itself, but it is undoubtedly one of her most potent allies: beauty, rectitude, and chastity of mind, can expand nowhere so freely as when surrounded by beauty, and rectitude, and chastity of external forms. The acquirement of mere materials cannot therefore be the ultimate object of our pursuit; we ought only to rest satisfied when we have adjusted and arranged them in proper form; in other words, when we feel that, according to the popular phrase, we have done what we designed to do, in style. So also it is with matters of conduct. Men do not estimate actions solely by their intrinsic or abstract value; *manner* at all times constitutes a notable proportion of the estimate. Thus, though the ten pounds given willingly, frankly, and kindly in charity, is worth no more at the banker's than the ten pounds given grudgingly, sourly, and upbraidingly, yet in the wide world of humanity is it doubly and trebly valuable. Think you that the example of the man who acts handsomely and kindly is lost upon his fellow-men? Are we not creatures of imitation, prone not only to admire, but to follow a generous line of conduct? Even when some unworthy feeling creeps across the mind, how instantaneously is it dispelled by the sunshine of better example. It is thus that a Jackson's ten pounds may produce a hundred, stimulating the thoughtless to consideration, and shaming the niggard into liberality. But beyond this pecuniary view, there is a higher still. The object of our charity has thoughts and feelings keen as our own, and our respect for these is as imperative as our charity. We are commanded not only to bind the wound, but to drop the balm of consolation; not only to act justly, but to love mercy; and it is thus that the widow's mite becomes as valuable as the rich man's talent. So it is with all other doings—friendly, hospitable, charitable; with de-

meanour personal and with demeanour public: it is not enough that we say, and give, and do; if we wish to reap the respect of others, and enjoy satisfaction, we must be equally careful that these things be said, and given, and done in style.

Such an estimate and appreciation of style could not take place among any save a refined and civilised people, and to such a character—with all our faults—we may safely be allowed to lay claim. Were we less elevated, we would be less swayed by this idea; the 'doing of things in style' would never have become synonymous with excellence itself. But, independent of the high standard of value to which the phrase points, there is something exhilarating in its very tone. Let me only hear of a man who 'does things in style,' and I invariably ascribe to him a certain goodness of heart, affability of manner, and manliness of nature, which is quite delightful. I feel that everything connected with him must be first-rate of its kind; and I know, too, that if required to do an act of kindness or charity, that act would be done in a liberal and genial spirit. Nor is the doing of things in style confined to any rank or class: the man of L.40 a-year may act within his own sphere equally well with him who has L.4000. If he cannot afford Brussels carpet, he can at least keep his floor well polished and clean; if he cannot drink out of silver, he can at least have elegant delf; and though his coat be less costly, it may at least be clean, and neatly put on. It is taste, in fact, that regulates the whole matter; and that attribute of mind may be more exalted, purer, chaster, in a poor mechanic than in a pampered lordling.

HEALTH OF TOWNS IN LANCASHIRE.

THE Health of Towns' Commission has issued another of its reports on the sanitary condition of the large towns in Lancashire, consisting of a return laid by Dr Lyon Playfair before this useful board of inquiry. So much has now been accumulated and published on this subject by different bodies of commissioners, that it may appear needless to collect any more facts, or draw any new conclusions. Parliament, it may be said, ought now to be thoroughly indoctrinated with the necessity for legislating on the health of towns: and this is true; but the public at large are still very ignorant of what is required; a prejudice in favour of all sorts of abominations—burial within towns, and even within chapels, slaughter-houses in the midst of a dense population, disregard of ventilation and cleanliness—is almost universal; and we can only hope, by a more general enlightenment, to prepare the way for that species of legislation which is so very desirable. To aid this good cause, we offer a few gleanings from Dr Playfair's report.

The places which the doctor selects as illustrative of the general state of large towns in Lancashire, are Liverpool, Manchester, Preston, Bolton, Wigan, Ashton-under-Lyne, Bury, and Rochdale, all with a large population engaged chiefly in manufactures and trade. In these places, and some others, there is much defective drainage and sewerage, seriously affecting the public health. Yet not a little has lately been done in various towns to effect improvements in these respects. In Manchester, since 1830, more than thirty-two miles of sewers have been constructed, and some hundreds of small streets paved and rendered approachable. Wherever such improvements have been effected, the medical examiners express their astonishment at the better

appearance of the inhabitants and of the physical condition of these districts.' In Liverpool, the commissioners of sewers have expended above L.100,000 in new sewers and paving during the last few years; but very much remains to be done. 'There are thousands of houses,' says a witness examined in Liverpool, 'and hundreds of courts in this town, without a single drain of any description; and I never hail anything with greater delight than I do a violent tempest or a terrific thunder storm, accompanied by a heavy rain; for these are the only scavengers that thousands have had to cleanse away the impurities and filth in which they live, or rather exist.'

While most of the towns have very defective underground drainage, few if any can be said to be properly swept. It may be laid down as a principle, that every large town should be swept once a day; but few enjoy this advantage. Dr Playfair presents tables showing the comparative extent of scavenging in different towns in Lancashire and Scotland. Liverpool has 65 scavengers; its chief streets are swept once a-week; the cost of scavenging is L.4820; the amount obtained per annum for refuse is L.1150. Manchester has 78 scavengers; its streets are also swept weekly; the annual cost is L.5600; the amount obtained per annum for refuse is L.800. Edinburgh has 115 scavengers; its streets are swept every day; the annual cost is L.12,000; the amount obtained for refuse is L.10,000. Glasgow has 64 scavengers; the principal streets only are swept daily, the others less frequently; the annual cost is L.2759; the amount obtained per annum for refuse is L.1100. Aberdeen has 51 scavengers, and is swept daily. Saving off this branch of civic economy is far from wise. 'In the preservation of streets and roads, frequent scavenging proves a positive and direct economy of public money, and in the prevention of disease, an evident, though no less certain, saving of public burdens.'

Some very conclusive evidence is presented respecting the uncleanly habits of the poorer classes. 'Asses, hens, and pigs, are not unfrequently kept in dwellings, and I have seen them even in the sitting-rooms of the poor. Fever is induced by the filthy state of the interior of the house, and being communicated to other persons in the vicinity, becomes an extensive source of general disease and misery. One house is depopulated by fever, or the head of the family being cut off, the remainder remove: new tenants enter the infected house; they also become victims, make way for more, and thus fever becomes extended and perpetuated, because the authorities do not possess the powers contained in the Metropolitan and Liverpool acts—powers, however, not sufficiently summary—for cleansing the interiors of private houses.' We may add, that it is the opinion of Mr Ramsay, late of the Edinburgh police, that it would be a wise expenditure of public money to lime-wash every year all the houses under L.4 rental which might require it; the number he estimates at three-fifths, and the utmost expense for the whole tenement would only be 7d.

By laying out a precautionary 7d. annually on every dwelling of the poor, thousands of lives would be saved, and consequently much public and private distress prevented. It is not believed that this cleansing process would be resisted by those to whose houses it was applied; the bulk of the humbler classes having no objection to be made objects of solicitude without cost to themselves. When nuisances, such as obstructions to drainage, or injurious manufactures, involve private interests, they cannot be so easily dealt with. The following may be cited as an example:—'Opposite the Manchester Royal Infirmary, and within the grounds attached to it, is situated a deep excavation, now filled with water. Formerly, erysipelas in an aggravated form, nearly allied to hospital gangrene, prevailed to a great extent amongst the patients in the infirmary. This excited the attention of the medical officers of that institution, who instituted an inquiry into the cause, and

after mature deliberation, recommended that the stagnant pond alluded to should be kept constantly filled with water, to be renewed at stated periods. Since the introduction of this plan, and that of dry rubbing the floors of the building, the erysipelas has much abated, but has not yet disappeared. The pond could easily be filled up, but in this case the lord of the manor, and another party, might claim the ground, and, by building on it, encroach on the proper space for the infirmary.' This, we think, is a pretty broad hint to those who suffer stagnant water near their dwellings.

The smoke nuisance is cited as another instance of the opposition of individual interest to public benefit; 'and here, it is to be remarked,' says Dr Playfair, 'that those who occasion the nuisance, do so in ignorance of the benefits to be derived to themselves from a consumption of smoke. It has been clearly demonstrated by every well-conducted experiment on smoke-burning, that there is a saving of fuel varying from 5 to 20 per cent., and in some cases even more.' Serious vitiation of the air, injurious to health, is caused by the smoke of large towns; the smoke nuisance also causes much needless expense to the inhabitants. 'The pecuniary annual loss to the community of Manchester for the excess of washing rendered necessary by its smoke, is above L.60,000; for it has been found that a penny weekly per head of the population forms a very low estimate of the increased expense, when contrasted with the average expense of washing in towns free from smoke. By introducing into the calculation the excessive expense of renewed painting and whitewashing, it appears, by very low estimates, that the annual loss to Manchester by its smoke is double the amount of its poor rates.'

So much has been said of the dwellings in cellars and confined courts in Liverpool, that we need not here recur to the subject, but pass on to some observations on the motives for selecting such abodes. We are told that it would be an error to suppose that poverty was the sole cause of the selection. 'I know numerous instances of families,' says Dr Playfair, 'whose united wages amount to 40s. or 50s. a-week, yet possessing only one sleeping room.' Several cases of this kind are mentioned, but they cannot be extracted. The natural consequences of such overcrowding are great moral depravity, disease, and premature death. Dreadful as are the scenes observable in many private dwellings, they fall short of what are occurring in the lodging-houses for strangers, which all medical men concur in representing as the foci of malignant disease. The only remedy would be to place such houses under the cognisance of a medical police, with power to enforce sanitary regulations.

Strangely enough, bad ventilation is found in much higher establishments than lodging-houses for the poor and dissolute. The public schools of Lancashire are described as too frequently defective in this respect, the architects of such edifices having considered it quite sufficient to provide a certain number of doors and windows, without also furnishing atmospheric purity. Of 75 schools examined in Manchester, 35 were badly ventilated. When the pupils come from houses of a respectable order, the injury they sustain in school is not very observable; but those who live in cellars, or other badly ventilated dwellings, suffer prodigiously from the bad ventilation in their schools. In one school in Manchester, 70 per cent. of the infants living in cellars are always absent from sickness. In another, 27 per cent. of the cellar occupants are absent from sickness, while only 3½ per cent. of those who live in houses are absent from the same cause. In all the schools the average allowance of space to each child is about 5·9 cubic feet; 'and when it is considered that nearly double this amount of air passes through the lungs of a child, and is vitiated every hour, it cannot be considered surprising that the inmates of public schools, thus deprived of an adequate supply of fresh air, should suffer such a large amount of sickness, or that they should exhibit in

their outward appearance the signs of a weakly and puny childhood. It is quite amazing to observe the difference in the appearance of children attending a well-ventilated and well-regulated school, and of those who attend schools of an opposite description, especially such as are usually denominated cottage schools. The sanitary disadvantages under which children labour in most of our schools, are so much opposed to their mental progress, that nothing would be more conducive to the rapid advance of education than attention to structural arrangements.

With respect to the supply of water in the Lancashire towns, we have some useful observations. In Manchester, Liverpool, Bolton, and Wigan, the supply is intermittent; in Preston, Ashton, Oldham, Bury, and Rochdale it is continual. Intermittence of supply arises from a deficiency of water, and causes the parties receiving it to erect cisterns in their houses; the cost of a cistern and apparatus connected with it being from L.2 to L.4. When the supply is abundant, no cisterns are required; the water is continually on, and nothing more is wanting than a turn-cock on the pipe. In consequence of the expense of erecting and keeping cisterns in order, the charges of landlords on tenants in Liverpool for a stinted and intermittent supply of water are nearly double those charged for a constant and unlimited supply in Nottingham, Ashton, and some other towns. It ought to be a matter of first importance to give such an abundant supply of water to a town that no cisterns will be necessary, not only for the purpose of saving expense, but because water is more cool, pleasant, and healthful when taken from pipes than from any kind of in-door tank. We cordially agree with the following observations:—'There ought to be no limit put to the supply of water for domestic purposes, but on the contrary every facility should be afforded for its unsparring use. I have spent many days in visiting the houses of artisans in towns, both well and ill supplied with water, and I can state as an invariable rule, that there is a marked difference both in the moral tone and in the physical condition of the inhabitants of those towns; and this difference is even perceptible, though in a less degree, in the houses of the same town, according as they are or are not freely supplied with water.' It is mentioned, that in consequence of the water supplied to Manchester being somewhat hard, the inhabitants are put to an additional expense for soap; their loss in this way is estimated at L.49,363 annually, a sum nearly double the present gross water rental. So much for not procuring a perfectly soft water.

Dr Playfair presents a distressing body of facts illustrative of the havoc committed on infant life by the administration of opiates. But this subject we reserve for a separate paper.

We are furnished with some remarkable evidence on the general ratio of sickness and mortality in the county; the result given by a number of tables is, 'that there are every year in Lancashire 14,000 deaths and 398,000 cases of sickness which might be prevented; and that 11,000 of the deaths consist of adults engaged in productive labour. It further shows that every individual in Lancashire loses 19 years, or nearly one-half of the proper term of his life, and that every adult loses more than 10 years of life, and from premature old age and sickness, much more than that period of working ability. Without taking into consideration the diminution of the physical and mental energies of the survivors from sickness and other depressing causes; without estimating the loss from the substitution of young and inexperienced labour for that which is skilful and productive; without including the heavy burdens incident to the large amount of preventible widowhood and orphanage; without calculating the loss from the excess of births, resulting from the excess of deaths, or the cost of the maintenance of an infantile population, nearly one-half of which is swept off before it attains two years of age, and about 59 per cent. of which never become adult productive labourers; and with data in

every case much below the truth, I estimate the actual pecuniary burdens borne by the community in the support of removable disease and death in Lancashire alone at the annual sum of five millions of pounds sterling.

THE INDIAN FARM.

BY PERCY B. ST JOHN.

EDWARD WILSON was the son of a substantial farmer in the west of England, who had nurtured him with the greatest kindness, and set him out in the world under as advantageous circumstances as possible. Having afterwards failed in health and in wealth, the old man came to reside with his son, who then endeavoured to repay his paternal care by using every effort and making every sacrifice for the promotion of his comfort. Edward was a very small farmer, and his farm was upon an ungenial soil. But he was hardy and persevering to an uncommon degree, and early and late he strove to make amends for the natural difficulties under which he laboured. The desire of success in life, and a wish to smooth the few remaining years of his much revered parent, were powerful incentives to action; but perhaps the hope of one day seeing pretty Amy Walcot the inmate of his humble dwelling acted as a more powerful stimulus.

Amy was the daughter of one in exactly the same station of life as himself, but who, in equally moderate circumstances, and with much exertion keeping from debt and embarrassment, had the disadvantage of being so at a later period of life. Edward Wilson was young, with a fair prospect of many days before him; but Walcot was a more than middle-aged widower, with one only child Amy. The young people had known each other from early youth, and to know with them was to love; their affection, at first that of children, had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until, taking the character of warm and earnest love, their union was delayed only until the clouds of doubt and difficulty should cease to dim their horizon. Like many others, Amy and Edward waited for better days. But the times, instead of mending, seemed to grow more adverse: the crops were one season unusually scant, and Edward for a time grew moody and sad.

Walcot's farm—of which he was a freeholder—was situated on the verge of the great highway to London, just opposite to where a green lane opened upon the dusty road. It was an evening towards the latter end of September; the toils of the hot day were over, and Amy and her father stood in the gentle warmth of the setting sun, looking out upon the scene before them. It was a still quiet English landscape; a road lined by green hedges, with here an opening and there a clump of trees, over which in the distance rose the spire of a humble village church, while all around at intervals wreathed columns of smoke denoted the presence of the scattered homesteads of the people. At length the sun set in a bank of blood-red vapour, just as a figure was sharply relieved against the sky in the act of crossing the unusually high stile that terminated the lane which led from Farmer Wilson's abode. Standing in the very centre of the dying glory of day, it looked like some fantastic creation of the brain.

It was Edward himself.

The young man was received, as usual, with a hearty welcome, and entered the quiet tenement where dwelt his betrothed, to spend the evening with the father and daughter. His own father retired to rest at twilight. Edward Wilson's visits were always matter of congratu-

tulation. Walcot had an affection for him quite paternal, while Amy loved him with a truth and sincerity which she was at no pains to conceal. Upon the present occasion, however, their neighbour was moody and silent; some weight seemed to hang upon his spirit, while he was loath. it seemed, to get rid of the burden.

'Why, lad, what is the matter with thee?' at length said Walcot; 'thee's most uncommon silent to-night.'

'I have good cause for being so,' replied the more polished and better educated Edward, glancing with uneasiness at the wondering Amy.

'Why, lad, thee's got nothing new, I hope,' continued the elder farmer; 'times is dreadful bad already.'

'So bad, Farmer Walcot,' exclaimed Edward Wilson, 'that I have solemnly resolved upon selling off all I have, farm and all, and leaving old England for ever.'

A dead silence followed this announcement. Amy turned pale, and seemed ready to burst into tears: it was not the first time she had heard of it. Walcot looked astonished; but giving time for neither of them to speak, Wilson opened his views at length to his friends, informing them that the United States of America was the country he intended to be that of his adoption. He explained how land was to be had there in hundreds of acres, well wooded and watered, for a mere trifle; expounded every advantage which might or could accrue from the change; and, growing eloquent, painted the land of promise in all the colours in which emigrants view the spot they are about to select for a home. He spoke for more than an hour in warm and glowing language, neither Amy nor her father interrupting him save by an occasional question.

'Well!' said Walcot, when he at length paused, 'if thee's quite made up thy mind to go, Edward, why I and Amy must just do likewise, since I fancy that's what thee's driving at. Things is dreadful bad, and they can't be worse over yonder, and mayhap they'll be better.'

Amy's countenance brightened up; a temporary shade was effaced from that of Edward; and during the rest of the evening their future arrangements were discussed with zest and animation.

About eight months after the conversation between Walcot and Edward Wilson, a cavalcade entered one of the dense forests of the most northern part of Kentucky. It was composed of several wagons, and owned by a young man and his smiling wife, and two males of a more mature age. Four young farm-labourers with two of their wives from the old country accompanied the emigrants, while a kind of half-witted boy, who hung about the extreme border town, served as guide to the land of which the new settlers had become the owners by right of purchase. Edward and Amy were now man and wife, and they were entering upon the dangers and difficulties of their forest life with good hopes, but at the same time with a firm resolution to shrink from none which were at all surmountable.

The journey through the wilderness was trying in the extreme to man and beast. No road existed, and the wagons of the emigrants were dragged through the forest over fallen logs, through brush and brier, at the rate of from three to five miles a-day. Now a huge tree had to be removed from their path, then a dense mass of thicket had to be cut through, and next a deep hole would force them to make a long and fatiguing circuit. Two of the oxen died in the struggle, and the settlers had an early specimen of the difficulties to be overcome in a new country. At length, however, their five hundred acre lot was reached, and the whole was found to be covered with the same heavy growth of timber they had all along contended against.

Wilson, however, was not of a nature to be discouraged. Unyoking his oxen, the wagons were left upon the side of the sloping hill where the emigrant

had decided upon pitching his tent, not figuratively, but in reality, until a more substantial dwelling could be erected. This done, he returned to the frontier town, and hired two of those well-known workmen, who, with the American axe in hand, will lay low acres of forest in one-tenth the time that the European would take to do so. Their wages were high, but, as do all Yankees when once employed, they did their duty; and before the winter came on, a space of about eight acres was cleared, a house built, and the refuse of the timber, all but the solid logs, burnt to ashes. The space gained from the forest was small and unsightly—the trees which had been removed having been cut away two feet from the ground, and the stumps encumbering the fields—but it was still fields, and in due season they were filled with Indian corn, sweet potatoes, pumpkins, and all the usual agricultural produce of an American farm. Game, however, was the principal food of the settlers, who, despite the rudeness of their life and accommodation, were yet full of hope and energy.

The first discouraging symptom was manifest in the rainy season. The house was built half way down the slope of a hill, and nothing at first could be devised to keep it from being overflowed with water. A ditch, however, above the house, and trending away on each side, at length obviated this inconvenience. The spring came, and with it a trying time for the emigrants. The warmth of the weather, and the dense vegetation of the surrounding forest, brought sickness, and old Wilson died of the seasoning fever, while the young wife, who was about to make Edward a father, was within a hair-breadth of following the old man's example. One of the women lost her child; and to crown all, from inexperience in the practice of American agriculture, and from a sudden flood, their crops were utterly unproductive. The cattle, too, were sickly, and even some perished in consequence of the want of open pasture-ground.

From the anguish of mind and disappointment consequent on this series of calamities, Edward Wilson was awakened by the birth of a son. Still nothing seemed to prosper with him, and the second winter approached with little sign of amendment. The capital of both Edward and Walcot, the produce of the sale of their farms, was broken in upon more and more to supply the wants which disease and bad crops created. Neither of them, however, relaxed his efforts, and several additional acres were taken from the surrounding wilderness.

One evening, nearly two years after the first time when the several characters in this simple chronicle were introduced to our readers, the whole family were collected within the spacious log-hut, which, divided into several subdivisions, was the sleeping apartment of all. Wilson sat on one side of the huge and blazing fire, Walcot on the other, while Amy was near her husband, occupied in certain feminine offices respecting her babe, that slept in a wicker cradle at her feet. The labourers were fashioning rude handles for various farm implements, and the women were equally busy in sewing together the skins that with all served the purpose of outer garments. Edward was reading aloud from a newspaper, which had penetrated to this distant settlement, such scraps of news as were likely to prove interesting to his listeners.

While yet he read, a low knocking was heard at the door; the latch was then raised, and an unarmed Indian stood before them, panting for breath, and bleeding from many and fresh wounds. It was an aged Penobscot, but utterly unknown to all present.

'Indian wounded—faint—hungry—Sioux thirst for blood. Will white man give him meat and sleep?'

Wilson hesitated, Walcot half shook his head; but Amy at once settled any doubts which might have risen in the mind of her husband.

'Come to the fire, Indian,' said she kindly; 'and as soon as you have eaten, let us know what you have to

say of the Sioux. Methinks if they be in the woods, we must look to ourselves; and Amy gave a terrified glance at her sleeping babe.

'One, two, three,' said the Indian, gazing at the woman gratefully; 'ten, twenty bad Indian in woods. But squaw very good tell Indian welcome. Will white chief say so too?'

'Ay, that I will,' exclaimed Wilson warmly, his generous nature at once asserting its empire; 'eat, drink, and be glad, and then let us hear all that is needful to guard us against the enemy.'

'Guard first, eat after,' said the Penobscot with dignity. 'Sioux close at hand, chase Wan-ti-mo through woods all day. Wan-ti-mo kill two,' added he, exhibiting the usual trophies of victory, 'but can't kill twenty.'

The old chief then left the hut, returning next moment with his rifle, tomahawk, and powder-horn, which he shook mournfully, exhibiting its empty condition. No sooner was he once more within the walls of the hut than he told Wilson to bar the door, and make every other preparation for defence against the Sioux. Edward complied, and with speed all the arms they could muster were brought out and prepared for use, while one of the labourers, who was considered unusually sharp, ascended a ladder leading to a hole in the roof, and blocking himself against the chimney, watched all around that the Sioux approached not unawares.

Meanwhile Amy busied herself bathing and dressing the wounds of the Penobscot, who also ate eagerly and drank sparingly from a flask of brandy which was placed at his disposal; so sparingly indeed as to cause Edward to press it upon him.

'When sick,' replied the Indian, 'fire-water good, little so much,' pouring a small quantity into the palm of his hand; 'but much take away head—man no fight then—like hog.'

Amy smiled, temperance views being unfortunately little in vogue in those days, and Edward and Walcot, though moderate men, sometimes indulging so far as to be slightly elevated. They, too, smiled, but no longer attempted to press the liquor upon the Penobscot, who now intimated his intention of taking up the position occupied by the young labourer. Ascending the ladder, he glided beside him, and then sent him below.

The white men were now left alone; the house was prepared for defence; the doors and windows were carefully and securely barred; the lights, by the Indian's suggestion, extinguished; and the fire nearly smothered. Then certain loopholes, previously stopped up, were opened in several parts of the hut. This duty had scarcely been performed, when the Indian came stealthily down the ladder with a finger upon his lips. As soon as he was on the earthen floor of the hut he seized his rifle, and motioning to the others to do so likewise, pointed it through one of the loopholes, and as soon as the others were ready, fired. A loud wailing cry followed a fierce whoop, and then all was still.

'Indian,' said Amy fervently, while she pressed her babe to her breast, 'you have saved my child, my husband, my all; ask me for what you will that is mine, and you shall have it.'

'White squaw give Indian welcome—that enough,' replied the Penobscot proudly.

A conference was now held, after which Wan-ti-mo returned to his post above, accompanied by Edward. Peering cautiously around, the white man and the red skin strove both to penetrate the deep darkness of the night. Before them lay the forest, and between a field, the fair surface of which was much deformed by the presence of the black stumps above alluded to. Habit had made Edward aware both of the number and situation of these, and his eye at once detected the appearance of what seemed several additional ones.

'Hut!' said he to the Indian; 'in yonder field are fourteen blackened stumps where this morning these eyes saw but six. This is some device of the Sioux.'

'Good,' said the Penobscot, in a tone of deep satis-

faction. 'White man got sharp eyes'—and the two took simultaneous aim—'make good scout.'

The red skin and his companion fired both at the same time: a yell of rage and pain followed, and then there were but six of the unsightly objects which had before crowded so thick in the little field. From that moment all sign of the presence of an enemy disappeared, and the settlers reposed within their little castle, under the watch of the Penobscot, who, despite his wounds and fatigue, appeared yet the most active of the party. Day was just about to dawn when the Sioux again made their appearance, whooping and yelling like demons, upon the skirt of the wood. In numbers they were about forty, dividing which body into two, they boldly charged the hut. They were, however, met warmly, and repulsed; upon which they retired within the deep and sombre shelter of the forest, and all sank into a silence as deep as that which had prevailed before the white man laid bare a portion of its space to the light.

That the Indians had departed no one believed; and all therefore looked forward with horror to the protracted siege which it was evident they had determined on, and which, if conducted with any of the usual patience and energy exhibited by the savage, could not but terminate in his victory. No attack was made during the day, which passed to all wearily and slowly. Amy was sick at heart: the horrid fate which menaced her husband and child was ever before her eyes; while Wilson's more stern nature was also deeply moved. The Indian meanwhile laid him down and slept until the shades of evening again fell upon the scene, when he once more ascended the ladder, which enabled him to command a view of all around.

With the darkness came all these undefinable apprehensions which present themselves in such circumstances even to the strongest minds. For some time not a sound was heard, until one of the watchers at the loops announced the approach of the enemy. A straggling fire at once commenced, which lasted some time, the Penobscot's rifle being all the time silent. Edward was puzzled at the red skin's inaction, and leaving the rest to conduct the defence, ascended the ladder to question Wan-ti-mo. He was gone! This was a new source of fear and apprehension. Their assailants were proportionally stronger as they were weakened, though certainly the presence of a traitor was far from being desirable.

Edward descended with a heavy heart, and communicated his intelligence, which was heard by all with alarm, though Amy strongly asserted that, while they might have had a friend, she was sure they had not found an enemy. Edward replied not, but once more took up his post as commander of the little garrison. For hours the contest continued with small success on the part of the enemy, who, at length exasperated at the obstinacy of the defence, brought a new element to bear upon the besieged. The first intimation they received of this dreadful danger was the flight of a burning arrow which fell upon the dry and inflammatory corn-houses and barns, and instantly wrapt them in flames. A loud yell proclaimed the delight of the savages—a groan the anguish of the owners of the habitation.

As soon as Edward recovered from the astonishment into which this terrible event threw him, he commanded the men to grasp their arms and prepare for a more deadly struggle than had yet taken place, as well as to neutralise the object of the Indians. At a short distance from the house was the pile of logs which served for fuel, three heaps, forming three sides of a square. To this the women and children went, and while two men kept watch lest the Indians should rush upon them, the others were occupied in removing their valuables from the house into the open air. The burning, meanwhile, extended in force, and presently cast so brilliant a light that the white men were forced within their rude breast-work. Dawn broke upon them in this position, and

then the Indians came whooping and yelling on, as if determined to take them by storm. Each man clutched his weapon, and as the foe neared them, rose and fired. The Indians paused, when the deadly discharge of twenty rifles in their rear, and the shadow of a dark line of men bursting over the fields headed by the Penobscot, sent them flying with their utmost speed over the expanse which lay between them and the forest, in whose recesses they concealed themselves.

Three hours after, Edward Wilson and his family stood gazing upon the ruins of his new home as it lay smouldering before him, in utter dejection of spirit. The allies from around whom the Penobscot had collected had plunged into the woods in chase of the Sioux. Silent and sad the emigrant leaned against the wood pile, his wife nursing her babe at his feet, and Walcott looking on sternly and gloomily. At this moment Wan-ti-mo and the white men returned, the latter at once offering to aid in the reconstruction of their neighbour's home. The Penobscot, however, now approached Edward while the others ate, and called him and his wife aside. Amy followed with her child in her arms. As soon as Wan-ti-mo had led them out of sight he turned to Edward.

'White man good to Indian—Indian got heart—heart feel,' said he; 'white man no think it, but Wan-ti-mo make him much happy. Follow Indian,' continued the Penobscot, pointing to the woods.

'No, Wan-ti-mo,' said Edward, 'I must look to the reconstruction of my home. I have not a moment to waste.'

The Indian was puzzled, though he would not own it; he was unable to express his intentions in English, still he urged Edward to follow him, but Wilson was inflexible. At length his eloquence being exhausted without avail, Wan-ti-mo turned towards Amy, and seizing the child with as much gentleness as possible, leaped away laughing to a distance from the astonished and alarmed parents. As soon as the Penobscot had gained a position about twenty yards from them, he halted, and holding up the child, motioned them to follow. This done, he turned round, and now Edward and his wife, treading forcibly in his footsteps, walked away through the forest at a slow pace. The path he followed was rude in the extreme, and one of the difficulties of which had always deterred those connected with the farm from attempting it.

In about half an hour Wan-ti-mo halted and allowed Edward and his wife to reach his side, while he pointed exultingly to an open space beyond. It was a lonely forest glade of some thousand acres, an interior prairie, which by some accident had never, though fertile in the extreme, been overrun by the dense growth which prevailed around. Edward at once understood the Indian's motive in bringing them to this spot, which was perhaps the very best locality for a settlement of any within twenty miles.

'White man's farm gone—Sioux dog burn up,' said Wan-ti-mo, placing the child in its mother's arms; 'that bad down there—too much tree—too much wet—too hard work; here tree plenty—land plenty—this Indian farm!'

Wilson clutched the hand of the Penobscot, and thanking him warmly, intimated his resolve to remove at once. They returned to their ruined home, and Edward signifying his intention, those who had so opportunely saved him from destruction now joined in aiding his plans for renovating his position. The removal was effected, but not without much arduous toil and difficulty. It proved, however, a happy and most fortunate change, and from that hour all prospered with the emigrants. They had fertile fields and grazing land in abundance, with wood in equal plenty. A congregation of log-houses arose. The capital of the settlers enabled them to improve their location, and to purchase it. A village ere long occupied the space round what had once been Wilson's solitary hut. The Penobscot became a hired hunter, and when age came upon him

was well cared for, Amy ever rejoicing, when she gazed upon her many prosperous and happy children, that she had protected the poor fugitive. She had saved him from his enemies, and all her subsequent happiness, and the success of those she loved, took its origin in the INDIAN'S GRATITUDE!

COUNTRY LIFE FOR LADIES.

It is a remark we believe of Joseph Lancaster's, that if you wish boys educated speedily and pleasantly, set boys to teach them. The same remark may with equal justice be applied to 'children of a larger growth.' If, for instance, you want ladies instructed in any science or accomplishment—whether it comes immediately within their own sphere of duty, or belongs rather to that of the other sex—by all means set a lady to teach them. Should the requirement come under the latter category, its masculine aspect will in a great measure be softened down by the treatment of a female mind; and should it come under the former, then who so well qualified both by feeling and habit to discharge a duty strictly feminine? The subject that might be treated by man in a severe, concise, and generalising spirit, would be managed by a woman's pen fluently and diffusely, and, with a regard to particulars, in a manner especially enticing to the fairer sex. Woman possesses a keener perception of the lovely and delicate, a nicer handling of minor topics, and discovers the inroads to her sisters' attention with a tact peculiarly her own. On such a theme as Country Life, where the management of the house, the garden, domestic animals, and the like are assigned to the ladies, no one could be more expert, or more likely to be successful than a lady instructor. She has studied and practised these duties as exclusively her own, and man, were he to attempt the task, would make but a very sorry preceptor in comparison.

Among the many treatises on rural subjects written expressly for ladies, those of Mrs Loudon take a high position, alike for the variety and accuracy of their matter. Her works on Botany, on Gardening, &c. are already well known, and we are gratified to find another recently addressed to the fair sisterhood, which is still more directly applicable to their country duties and avocations. 'This work,' says the author, 'is intended principally for the use of ladies who have been brought up in a town, but who from circumstances have been induced to reside in the country. Persons so situated are generally at first delighted with the change; but they soon become full of complaints of the inconveniences of a country life, particularly of the difficulty they have in getting what they want, without sending to a great distance. This last inconvenience, however, is easily obviated by a little forethought and management; and dullness and monotony will only be felt by those who take no interest in country pursuits. Having lived in the country myself, I know both the inconveniences and the enjoyments of a country life; and in the following pages I have endeavoured to save my readers the pain of buying their own experience, by giving them the advantage of mine.' Such is the intention of the 'Lady's Country Companion'; and after a perusal of its pages, we are led to the conclusion that Mrs Loudon has left few subjects untouched which relate either to the duties or recreation of the lady of the manor. The work is composed of a series of letters, addressed to an acquaintance who has been recently married to a country gentleman of ancient family—the author assuring us 'that Annie is not an imaginary being, but a young lady I have known from her birth, and to whom I am sincerely attached.'

These letters embrace a wide field of duty; but before

* The Lady's Country Companion; or How to Enjoy a Country Life Rationally. By Mrs Loudon, author of 'Gardening for Ladies,' &c. London: Longman and Co. 1843.

entering upon minutiae, some salutary advice of a general nature is tendered. Thus, there is nothing more natural than that a person accustomed to the town should, on removing to the country, begin to experience a certain dulness and monotony; and, compared with the gaiety and bustle they have left, there is no doubt cause for the complaint. But if circumstances have cast one's lot in the country, it is obvious weakness in that individual—whether lady or gentleman—if he does not endeavour to find employment and amusement whereby not only to fill up his own time, but to make others happy around him. Thrown apart, to a certain extent, from society, we must look to ourselves and to surrounding objects for our pleasure; and on this point Mrs Loudon tenders her young friend some excellent advice:—'Happiness, I suspect, in most cases depends more upon ourselves than we are generally willing to allow; and I am quite sure that young married people who are attached to each other, and have a competency, may be happy if they will, particularly in the country, where their principal amusements must all centre in home. You will, perhaps, be surprised to find that I think this a cause of happiness, but you will find in time that I am right; and that our chances of being happy decrease in proportion as we depend upon others for our enjoyments. I cannot conceive a more miserable life than that of a beauty who has no pleasure but in being admired; and who, consequently, must pass her time in fits of alternate depression and excitement. It would give me the greatest pain to see you plunge into this species of mental intoxication, and I rejoice that you are placed in a situation where you will not be exposed to the temptations arising from bad example. In this respect your present abode seems to be everything I could wish; as, from the description you have given me of the difficulties attending visiting your neighbours, they seem to be enough to cure the most ardent lover of dissipation; and, unless the neighbours be more than commonly agreeable, I think you will not feel inclined,

—"Frequent visits to make
Through ten miles of mud for formality's sake,
With the coachman in drink and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in your head but a ditch or a bog."

Do not suppose from this that I think you should be unsober; on the contrary, I think it a duty to mix occasionally with the world, as, unless we do so, we should soon learn to set a false value upon ourselves and upon everything around us. The society of persons in our own rank in life is, therefore, essential to teach us our true level; and I have no doubt you will find some agreeable persons among your neighbours when you know them better, whose friendship you will think worth cultivating.'

Having thus counselled her friend, the author proceeds to the more practical duties of the House and Kitchen. These, as every one well knows, are numerous and varied, and here they are spoken of sensibly, and just as one lady should discourse of them to another. Fires, ventilation, furniture, harmony of colours, ornaments, and so on, are separately discussed as belonging to the house: the making of wines and liqueurs, baking and cooking, with their numerous recipes, rank under the kitchen. We are at all times averse to trench on the prerogative of the ladies, and therefore dismisse this section with an expression of our belief, that Mrs Loudon's instructions, if followed, will produce not only an elegant and comfortable house, but a substantial and delicious dinner table. The Larder and Dairy are also very cleverly treated; and what little heterodoxy may appear under the latter head, is not to be wondered at. The author is not infallible more than any other person; and many of higher pretensions than she, are on this matter still widely at variance. After all, it signifies very little; for during the whole of our acquaintance with the country, we have never found a couple of ladies agreed on the subject of the dairy, nor did we ever know one who did not think her own method the best.

Passing from these topics, the author takes up the Garden, the Greenhouse, the Park and Lawn; and here, as the widow of one of the first botanists and landscape gardeners of the age, she is perfectly at home. This is undoubtedly the most delightful, as it is the most instructive, section of the book; it is not a mere dry calendar of operations, but an essay full of good taste and sound judgment. Any lady who will attend to these directions—and they are given in plain and familiar language—may, in a few years, establish one of the finest gardens; and may also, now that the glass duties are abolished, rear the most delicate exotics at very little cost.

On the subject of the pleasure-grounds, Mrs Loudon's remarks strike us as in admirable taste; and as country ladies must spend so much of their time in and around their mansions, we cannot see how this department should not be almost exclusively intrusted to their care. 'An ancient mansion,' says she, 'embosomed in tall trees, with a fine broad terrace at the back, having a piece of still water lying like a liquid mirror below it, and a large park beyond overgrown with majestic trees, whose lower branches repose upon the turf beneath them, form a scene which sounds exceedingly well in description, but is very wearying to the eye which is destined continually to rest upon it. It is also not very healthy, as chilly vapours are sure to rise from the water, while the mass of trees beyond will obstruct the free current of air. You must not suppose from this that I admire a house in an open exposed situation, as I think nothing can have a more bleak and naked appearance. Besides, a house entirely unsheltered by trees is sure to be a very uncomfortable residence, from its exposure to the heat in summer and the cold in winter. It is, therefore, most desirable to have a sufficient quantity of trees near the house to shelter it, and yet to have numerous openings through those trees to admit distant prospects, and a free current of air. If a few openings could therefore be made in the plantations near your dwelling, I do not think there would be any danger in leaving the water in its present position; as, from your description, the house is elevated very much above it, and as, notwithstanding its appearance of stillness, there is a current through it. As to your house being on the ridge of a hill, I do not think that is any objection, as the rise is not very great on either side, and it is a proof that the prospect would be good if you would only cut down a sufficient number of trees to show it. Houses quite in a valley are frequently damp, and if on the summit of a high hill they are apt to be bleak; so that the side of a hill, or the ridge of a knoll, is in fact the best situation that can be imagined. Our ancestors, indeed, rarely went wrong on this subject; and it is quite an extraordinary case to find an old house badly placed. In the old times the country gentry lived in their mansions all the year, and only visited London occasionally, so that they were more anxious to make their homes comfortable than persons of the same rank at the present day, who live in London and only visit the seats of their ancestors as they would a watering-place.'

Again, in combating the young lady's objections to the 'monotony of foliage,' Mrs Loudon explains how the surrounding woods must have vistas and glades cut in them so as to open up distant prospects; and also shows that the sameness arises from the want of variety among the trees already planted. Woodland scenery can never be monotonous where there are different kinds of trees; for every genus has its own colours, and shapes, and styles of growth, presenting to the eye, when well arranged, a beauty and complication which is truly enchanting. Observe how charmingly this topic is handled. 'Forest scenery is extremely beautiful in itself, and principally from the great variety it presents in the same objects. A fine tree, even when bare of leaves in winter, is beautiful from the delicate tracery presented by its branches, which look like the masts and rigging of a large ship, intricate, yet without confusion. In

snow, trees assume a new character; the weight sustained by the branches makes them droop, and a thousand graceful and elegant forms take the place of what was before a stern and rigid outline. In hoarfrost, trees glisten with a thousand gems, reflecting the rays of light in so many different colours, that they remind one of the description of Aladdin's magic garden. In spring they present vivid ideas of youth and fertility, and all nature appears awaking into new and vigorous life: the buds swell, their coverings burst, and the young leaves display their tender and delicate green; at first only half-unfolding their beautiful forms, and reminding one of a young and timid girl half-wishing and half-fearing to make her first appearance in the busy world. Trees now begin to assume each a new and decided character of its own. The leaves of no two trees are alike: those of the beech are of clear dark green, and so thin that they are almost transparent, and yet they are deeply marked with a strongly indented feather-like set of veins. The bark of the beech is clear and smooth, as though nature had intended it for the use to which it has so often been applied by lovers—to carve on it a fair one's name. The leaves of the elm are of a thick coarse texture, rugged and distorted, wrinkled, and of a dingy green; and the bark of the tree is cut into a thousand furrows. The leaves of the ash are light and pendulous, and cut into numerous leaflets; those of the oak are deeply indented, and generally grow in tufts. The palmate drooping leaves of the horse-chestnut contrast with the long, slender, and nearly erect leaves of the white willow; and those of the black poplar, which present a smooth outline, with those of the sweet chestnut, which are remarkable for their finely indented edges. In short, the leaves of every tree have beauties peculiar to themselves, in form as well as in colour. In autumn these colours become more decided: the lime trees take a yellowish tint, and the oak a reddish brown; the liquidambar becomes of a rich purplish crimson, and the maples and American oaks show a thousand varied dyes. Yes, my dear Annie, I repeat, the fault is not in the trees, for they are beautiful; you dislike them only because they are so crowded that you cannot see their beauties.

The consideration of the Domestic Animals next engages attention, and under this section ponies, cows, pigs, poultry, and bees are treated in a style that will gladden the heart of the most ardent housewife. Nor is it all utilitarianism, for deer, pheasants, partridges, and other wild animals which are the ornaments of woods and pleasure-grounds, come in for an ample share of the country ladies' attention. The natural history of Rural Walks is also descanted upon, and the lady shown how every object around her may become one of interest and instruction. But, it may be asked after a perusal of all this immensity of cares and duties, is the country life of ladies to be one only of toil and business? By no means; for, although it might be shown that there is enough of recreation, ay and amusement too, combined with the above avocations, yet Mrs Loudon has a keener appreciation of her sisters' wants than deny them the enjoyment of lighter amusements. Archery, sketching in the open air, swinging, pleasure-boats, skating, sporting, &c. are the subjects of a special chapter; recreations to which we only wish that our towns' beauties had readier and more frequent access.

Much as there may be in all that precedes to occupy the attention of a lady's country life, still is there something of paramount importance to follow. We live not only for ourselves but for those around us, and it is a poor and miserable spirit—all the more miserable that it has the means—which does not systematically endeavour to contribute to the welfare of others. This is particularly the case with the wife of a landed proprietor, whom circumstances place both as the patroness of, and the model to, the surrounding peasantry. On this topic Mrs Loudon's exhortations are given in good taste, and in a feeling and benevolent spirit:—'I have now, my dear Annie, a few words to say on a more im-

portant subject than those I have yet touched upon; I mean the duties which are imposed upon you by your residence in the country. As your husband is the last descendant of an ancient family, it is particularly incumbent upon him, and of course also upon you, to keep up as much as possible the kindly feeling which existed in the olden time between the lords of the soil and its cultivators, but which has, of late years, been too much neglected. The proprietor of a large estate ought to be regarded by the labouring cottagers in the light of a protector, to whom they can look up for advice and assistance in their troubles; and as a friend upon whose kindness they may confidently rely, and who they know will be interested in their welfare. When this is the case, the tenantry of a country gentleman will form his best body-guard; and, instead of ever attempting to injure his property, they will do all in their power to protect it.

'I think it highly desirable that you should be personally acquainted with the poor people in the vicinity of your husband's mansion, that you may know how to afford them the most acceptable assistance, and who are most deserving of it. For this reason I think you should occasionally walk through the village, instead of confining your rambles exclusively to the park, and call frequently on your poorer neighbours; not with the apparent wish of dictating to them how they should live and how they should manage their families, but with the ostensible appearance of employing them in some little work, and in reality to see how you can best be serviceable to them, and how you can do them the most positive good. It is the blessed privilege of wealth and rank that they give us the power of making our fellow-creatures happy, with very trifling inconvenience to ourselves. A word or a kind look from the rich to the poor speaks volumes, and carries with it encouragement and pleasure, which no efforts of persons in their own rank in life can give. It is, however, difficult for the rich to know how to be of real service to the poor, as giving alms seldom does good except in cases of sudden and unforeseen distress. The best charity is first to teach the poor how to maintain themselves, and next to give them employment; and when they have this, they have a better chance of happiness than any riches could bestow combined with idleness. Perhaps, indeed, there is no state of existence more happy than that of a person who is usefully and profitably employed, and whose employment is of such a nature as to exercise moderately the faculties both of the body and the mind.

'Establishing schools is an important duty which the rich owe to the poor. Every girl ought to be able to sew neatly and well, and to read, write, and keep accounts. I think also it would be a great advantage if all the girls who have attained the age of fourteen were to receive a few lessons in dress-making, and making waistcoats and boys' clothes, from the regular mantua-maker and tailor of the village; or you might pay for this out of your own pocket, and make it a reward for good conduct. It is particularly useful to the wife of a labouring man to know how to cut out and make or alter clothes, as work of this kind can be taken up and laid down while the mother is nursing her children, or watching the boiling of a pot, or some similar kind of simple cookery.'

Mrs Loudon also advises teaching the daughters of the peasantry the best modes of cooking suitable to their rank in life—a subject at present very much neglected, and which, to the poor, is of great importance both dietetically and economically. She again diverges into the matter of employment, exhorting her young friend to teach the doctrines of self-reliance, and to help in furnishing the poor with something to do for their own permanent support, rather than to aid by mere temporary donations. 'In cases of illness,' she continues, 'I am sure you will be happy to assist your poor neighbours in every way in your power. When poor people are ill, their means of support are stopped,

and they have not only to labour through the pains of illness, but they are also exposed to the greatest privations for the want of food at the very moment when food of a more nourishing nature than usual is required for them. Then it is that the helping hand of the rich is of the greatest value to the poor, and that charity takes its most graceful form.

'Many ladies in the country employ a portion of their time in making clothes for the poor; but with the exception of permitting young people to make baby-linen, I question whether it is advisable that much should be done in this way. The feelings of the poor are often hurt by having it dictated to them what they are to wear, and they are apt to look upon the clothes thus given to them, and which are probably quite different from what they would have purchased for themselves, almost as a badge of slavery which they are compelled to wear to please their patrons, but of which they hate the very sight.'

Such is an outline of the 'Lady's Country Companion,' which, upon the whole, is the best of its kind we have perused. The matter is exactly of the nature required for a young lady passing from a town to a country life. Of faults, we can only find inclination to denote those of diffuseness and occasional carelessness of expression. While the former may be a merit, as some subjects, like certain liquors, are rendered more palatable by a little dilution, we are altogether at a loss to invent an excuse for the latter in an author of Mrs Loudon's standing.

MRS STONE'S CHRONICLES OF FASHION.*

THIS book seems entitled to a respectable place among the lounging productions of the day. It assembles from all sources, accessible and otherwise, and strings up in a pleasant style, traits and anecdotes illustrative of the 'Cynthia of the minute,' in eating, dressing, and amusements, during the last two centuries. It is essentially a chronicle of that small body of people who, since Elizabeth's time, have been accustomed to assemble in London for a portion of the year, and there live in each others' eyes a life of vanity and vacuity, seeking in mere frivolous amusement, and in the cultivation of fine external appearances, that excitement which affluent circumstances deny their finding in any of the common pursuits of the world. We cannot say that this is a subject much concerning any rational person, or of any absolute dignity or importance: were we inclined to speak strongly, we might say something to the contrary purpose, besides remarking on the indecencies which some of its chapters necessarily involve. But the real object is only to amuse, and we take the book as we find it.

A chapter on Banquets and Food, with which the work opens, runs rapidly along from the coarse revels of James I.'s court to the luxurious but still inelegant entertainments of the second Charles, and thence to more refined table affairs of the eighteenth century, introducing tea and coffee by the way. One reference to a peculiarly idealised kind of banquet, given by the Duke of Buckingham about 1626, we cannot overlook. 'Ballets, accompanied by beautiful music, were performed between the courses; and indeed the arrangements seem to have been so managed, that the very matter-of-fact services of moving and replacing dishes were poetised by being done by attendants in fancy dresses, made to assimilate in appearance, and possibly in some degree to tally in action, with the subject and scene of the ballet. After dinner, they proceeded to the hall by a kind of turning door, which, admitting only one at a time, prevented all confusion, and another ballet was exhibited. To this succeeded dancing, and

afterwards a supper of "five different collations" was served in beautiful vaulted apartments.' It may interest the reader to know the origin of the word toast, as implying the object of a health drinking. 'It happened that on a public day [at Bath in the reign of Charles II.] a celebrated beauty of those times was in the cross-bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow, half fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a toast.'

The next chapter, on Manners, gives a distressing view of the coarseness and essential vulgarity which have marked the 'fashionable' class in this country almost to our own time. Next follow chapters on Habitations and Carriages. Amusements, as might be expected, fill a large space, including theatricals, balls, masquerades, Vauxhall and Ranelagh, &c. The impression everywhere conveyed is, that an improvement, both in morality and in taste, has taken place since the days of our fathers. It will surprise many who think that our ancestors surpassed us at least in religion, to know that almost to the close of the last century the court received company, and fashionable people in London had card parties, on Sunday. Even Queen Anne, that stanch friend of the church, 'was in the habit of having prayers read in an outer room while she dressed in an inner one. On one occasion the door was ordered to be shut whilst the queen changed some linen, and the chaplain ceased to read; on Anne expressing surprise at this, he had spirit enough to say that "he would not whistle the word of God through a key-hole." It appears from the Spectator, that fashionables always saluted each other, and often interchanged words and snuff-boxes, in church.

'Almack's' took its rise at the close of the Seven Years' war, in consequence of the reduced state in which many of the upper classes were left by that contest, and to keep off the citizen class, who at the same time had been making rapid advances. Being no longer able to maintain their peculiar ground by expensive entertainments, they were obliged to resort to the expedient of a rigid exclusivism. At that time, and down till the close of the century, the minuet was a favourite dance—a slow and stately exhibition of a single pair in the midst of a circle of onlookers. 'At Bath,' we are told, 'each gentleman was expected to dance two minuets, and on the conclusion of the first, the master of the ceremonies led the lady to her seat, and conducted another fair one to the expecting gentleman, who stood awaiting her in *statu quo*, with his opera hat and his "dancing feet" in the most perfect position which the skill of his dancing-master or his own good taste enabled him to assume. Rather a nervous situation this, one should think; certainly quite enough to make a young man not thoroughly seasoned to the exhibition feel "rather all-overish." The young ladies of that day, too, must have had considerable nerves to brave the slow ordeal of a minuet with the eyes of a whole assembly of scrutinising dowagers, jealous-eyed young ladies, and quizzical men fixed upon them. But if to dance a minuet well required a degree of self-possession not always found in very young persons, it also entailed inevitably the cultivation of some degree of grace and dignity in manner and in movement—circumstances which, as every one knows, are by no means indispensable to the performance of the modern quadrille, or to the mazurka, or to the gallopade, or to the polka. No, it must surely be in the performance of the stately and graceful minuet—a descendant of the *paron* of the knights and dames of chivalrous times—it must certainly be in the performance of the minuet that a woman dancing may claim the epithet which has been bestowed upon her—"a brandished torch of beauty."

* *Chronicles of Fashion*: from the time of Elizabeth to the early part of the nineteenth century, in Manners, Amusements, Banquets, Costume, &c. By Mrs Stone, authoress of 'The Art of Needlework,' &c. 2 vols. Bro. London: Bentley, 1845.

In the time of the minuet, a circle was the form which company always took in a drawing-room when not employed at cards or in dances where many couples were engaged. This was a dull and chilling mode, and seems to have been felt as an intolerable tyranny by at least the gentlemen. The custom was first broken through by a Mrs Vesey, than whom none was better qualified to venture on such a revolution, as she is said to have been 'the charm of every society.' The means adopted consisted in simply throwing the chairs into little dispersed groups throughout the room. 'Mrs Vesey's parties have been thus described:—"Mrs Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance—no rules of conversation to observe—no holding forth of one to his own distress and the stupefying of his audience—no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groups, perpetually varying and changing; they talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. Here was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety; and while perhaps Dr Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation. In these parties were to be met with occasionally most of the persons of note and eminence, in different ways, who were in London either for the whole or part of the winter. Bishops and wits, noblemen and authors, politicians and scholars—

* Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place'—

all met there without ceremony, and mixed in easy conversation."

We would here venture to remark, for the benefit of persons of mediocre rank who occasionally see company, that much more lies in the arrangement of the mere upholstery than they may be dreaming of. Two rows of sofas and chairs proceeding from the respective sides of a fireplace form too often the leading arrangement, the consequence of which is, that the company sits down in two still formal lines, where no one can speak to any but his next neighbours. And as changes in such a situation draw attention, it generally happens that each person is condemned to the society of two others only, for the whole evening. The case becomes worse when, as is often seen, the ladies are preferred to the seats on the sofas by themselves; for then they exchange not one word with a person of the opposite sex for the whole evening. Let our friends of the middle classes adopt and act upon Mrs Vesey's ideas about furniture, and they will find their parties increase amazingly in popularity.

Stars of fashion, eminent beaux, and fashionable watering-places, fill up a few chapters agreeably, and finally we come to an elaborate section on costume. Here a few passages may be selected almost at random, as the whole is amusing. After an account of etui-cases, our authors thus proceeds:—

"It was in vain that Mr Isaac Bickerstaff intimates that he compelled or persuaded his sister, Mrs Jenny, to "resign her snuff-box for ever," on her marriage; for all men and women, high and low, young and old, were inveterate snuff-takers during the last century; and indeed this dirty habit has only lately subsided, being upheld in the highest fashion by the practice and example of Queen Charlotte, and her son King George IV. At one time the same necessity which led to the adoption of strong perfumes might justify the use of snuff, otherwise fashion itself would hardly seem to account for its very general and excessive consumption. Of course the form and garniture of the snuff-box itself

became a point of importance to the critically-dressed leader of ton, and on nothing has a greater profusion of taste, fancy, expense, and skill been lavished, than on the snuff-box. They became an article of virtue, critically assorted by collectors, and a choice and recherché offering of compliment in every possible way, as much so as the Spanish embroidered gloves of Elizabeth's day. The freedom of cities was given in a snuff-box, the donations of the charitable were handed in a snuff-box, the portrait of majesty was bestowed on a snuff-box, and the right hand of fellowship was extended with a snuff-box. A snuff-box, erstwhile, has been a fatal gift.

'The fair one who was proof against a jewelled necklace could not resist a diamond snuff-box; nor could a patriot resist the conviction which flashed before his eyes on opening for nasal refreshment the "slight token of regard" which bore his royal master's portrait enamelled and jewelled on the lid.

'Edward Wortley Montagu, the eccentric son of Lady Mary, is said to have possessed more snuff-boxes than would suffice a Chinese idol with a hundred noses—a collection which perhaps was never equalled unless by that of King George IV., who was not less extravagant and recherché in snuff and snuff-boxes than in other things.

'Frederick the Great of Prussia had a magnificent collection of snuff-boxes; he carried one of enormous size, and took it not by pinches but by handfuls. It was difficult to approach him without sneezing; and it was said that the perquisites that came to the valets-de-chambre from the snuff they got from drying his handkerchiefs were considerable.

'Beau Brummell had a remarkable collection of snuff-boxes. He and his royal patron were both remarkable for a peculiar and graceful manner of opening the snuff-box with one hand only—the left. Probably in these latter days, when perfect repose and quietude are the essence of good breeding, any display with the snuff-box farther than a very slight "illustration" of the jewelled finger in raising the lid of the box might be considered as *trop prononcé* for elegance; but such was not the idea of our great-great-grandmothers and grandfathers. They seem to have displayed it most actively and elaborately, if we may judge from a satirical advertisement which appeared in the Spectator.

"The exercise of the snuff-box, according to the most fashionable airs and motions, in opposition to the exercise of the fan, will be taught with the best plain or perfumed snuff at Charles Lillie's, perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings, in the Strand; and attendance given for the benefit of the young merchants about the Exchange for two hours every day at noon, except Saturdays, at a toyshop near Garraway's coffee-house. There will be likewise taught the ceremony of the snuff-box, or rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend, or a mistress, according to the degrees of familiarity or distance; with an explanation of the careless, the scornful, the politic, and the surly pinch, and the gestures proper to each of them.

"N.B.—The undertaker does not question but in a short time to have formed a body of regular snuff-boxes ready to meet and make head against all the regiment of fans which have been lately disciplined, and are now in motion."

'A marvellous and spirit-stirring sight our grandmothers must have presented, with the fans which are represented as doing so much execution, and which were of a size to do execution, being often not less than a yard wide. The Spectator informs us, that "women are armed with fans as men with swords;" and we almost think it must have been so too, from the accounts we read of the various exercises and evolutions they performed with them, and the execution dire that was sometimes perpetrated by their means. The most effective exercise of the fan, as well as the most difficult to learn, for, according to the Spectator, its acquisition

took three months, was the flutter of the fan—as this flutter was capable of expressing any emotion which might agitate the bosom of the fair holder at the moment. There was “the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter.” Nay, the Spectator declares that he could tell by merely seeing the fan of a disciplined landlady, whether she were laughing, frowning, or blushing at the moment. It was in truth “a wondrous engine,” and well might the careful guardian

“his lonely charge remind
Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind;
Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,
A toy at once displayed for use and pride,
A wondrous engine, that by magic charms
Cools your own breast, and every other's warms.
What daring hand shall e'er attempt to tell
The powers that in this little weapon dwell?
What verse can e'er explain its various parts,
Its numerous uses, motions, charms, and arts;
Its painted folds, that oft extended wide,
The afflicted fair one's blubbered beauties hide,
When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,
If Strephon is unkind, or Shock is ill:
Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,
And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,
When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,
Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame;
Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,
Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap?”

“Very different were the fans of this day from the wavering group of feathers, with its jewelled handle, which Queen Elizabeth and her fair attendants fluttered. The Duchess of Portsmouth, King Charles's French mistress, wore a fan not unlike those of later times in shape. Madame de Maintenon had a most interesting one, on which her own apartment was represented to the life. The king appeared employed at his desk, Madame de Maintenon spinning, the Duchess of Burgundy at play, Mademoiselle d'Aubigny, niece to Madame de Maintenon, at her collation. Those of the Spectator's day were large, substantial, elaborate affairs, and, like some fashionable claptrops of the present time, quite “pictorial.” At the time of Sacheverell's trial, nothing was seen on the fans of the high-church ladies but “pictorial” representations of Westminster Hall at the time of trial, with the meek and interesting “victim” at the bar. When Gulliver's Travels appeared, all the fans at the church and the opera testified the delight of the fashionable world in that production. One was sent as a present from a great person here to Lady Bolingbroke, with all the principal scenes from that celebrated work painted on both sides of the fan. When the Beggars' Opera was the rage, all the favourite songs in it were painted on the ladies' fans.

“Political emblems were so rife in those belligerent days, that a lady's opinions were known as well by her fan as by her patches. Fashionable women never appeared without their fans. They would as soon, perhaps sooner, have gone without their gowns. From the time of their rising in the morning to that of their retiring at night, at church or at market, in the crowded assembly or the solitary sick-room—everywhere, suspended from her wrist, the fashionable woman carried her fan.

“It need hardly be said that fan-making was, in the last century, an extensive and important business, and called into requisition the talents of the highest painters and the first-rate mechanicians. If they yielded in grace and elegance to those of Elizabeth's day, they did not in richness and magnificence. The handles were often splendidly mounted in diamonds, and inlaid with jewels; the fans exquisitely painted by first-rate artists. Many celebrated artists of fifty years since began life as fan painters. Miss Burney mentions several beautiful fans which she saw at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, painted on leather by Foggi, from designs of West, Reynolds, Cipriani, and others, which she says “were more delightful than can well be imagined.” One was

bespoken by the Duchess of Devonshire, as a gift to be sent abroad. This is by no means a solitary instance of fans of English manufacture being sent abroad as presents, yet it often appears that the Parisian ones were preferred in England. Walpole frequently writes to friends abroad, and when on the continent himself, is usually commissioned to procure fans for his friends. The Duchess of York, soon after her arrival in this country, displayed a splendid fan, “entirely of diamonds, with an ivory mounting, the sticks pierced and set with brilliants in a mosaic pattern; but the outside ones were set with a single row of diamonds, while very large brilliants fastened the fan at the bottom.”

“The fan, though dwindled immeasurably from the magnificence of its predecessors, dwarfed in size, and

“Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from its high estate

as an accredited instrument of coquetry—the fan, “all that remained of it,” as Curran said of himself when obliged to plead without his wig—the fan, such as it was, was used, not elaborately, not conspicuously, not *avec prétension* as in the good old times—but still sleepily and languidly it was used even in this century. For many years it has been extinct, but appears now to be reviving. Some very beautiful ones have of late been exhibited by our caterers in virtue, and they are beginning to peep between the folds of satin and of the intricacies of lace in some of our aristocratic shops. What may this portend? Should the fan revive, may we hope that a new Spectator will arise phoenix-like to teach us its exercise?

There is, we believe, no part of the human person which has been so much the sport of fashion as the head. On this subject we have a few pleasant gossipries:—“It now only remains,” says Mrs Stone, “to notice that twin abomination of the last century,

“The pride of the topping, delight of all eyes!
That *tête* which attempted to rival the skies;
Whence Cupid, the god, and destroyer of hearts,
With rancour elancing the keenest of darts,
Sat smiling in ambush.”

The *tête* indeed was a fitting accompaniment to the hoop; in fact, the one required the other. At the time when the hoop attained its greatest magnitude, a head the natural size would have appeared inconsistent, too minute for the enormous figure; and, *vice versa*, when headdresses, with their superstructures of feathers, flowers, gauze, &c. not to mention the still more absurd ornaments of bunches of vegetables, became so large that women of fashion were compelled to ride with their heads out of their carriage-windows, or kneel down in the carriage to accommodate them within, why, then, the most expanding hoop seemed to be only in fit proportion to the astonishing head.

“We have mentioned in our first volume, that in the time of Charles II. the falling and graceful ringlets of the “beauties” were exchanged for stiff frizzled tiers of curls, which, becoming still stiffer, more elaborate, and more artificial, were at length manufactured into the tower or commode of 1687. Why the term commode has been applied to all sorts of inconveniences, we cannot imagine; but nothing could be more appropriate than the word *tower* to the style of headdress which it represents. By the aid of true and false hair, of cushions and rolls, and other supporting scaffolds, crowned by gauze and ribbons, a piece of architecture was achieved, which was piled—to speak classically—like a Pelion on Ossa on the heads of the fair fashionables of the times of Mary and Anne. This made fine hair a very valuable and saleable commodity. Malcolm gives an anecdote of a young country girl coming to London, and selling her hair for fifty pounds, thereby realising the fortune which her lover's flinty-hearted father required, ere he would consent to their marriage. At a later period, the celebrated Mrs Howard (Lady Suffolk) sold her own beautiful hair in order to enable

her husband (then in very narrow circumstances) to give a dinner of policy to a great man.

'The Duchess of Marlborough was noted for her beautiful hair, which, fortunately, she was not compelled to sell; though the circumstance of her cutting it off to spite the husband, who was affectionate and gallant enough greatly to admire it, is well known. Her daughter, Lady Sunderland, had equally beautiful hair, and was equally well aware of the circumstance; but, instead of parting with it in a fit of ill-temper, she tenderly cherished it, and was most peculiarly assiduous in combing, curling, and decorating it in the presence of those gentlemen whose political influence she wished to gain, and who were always courteously welcomed at her toilet.

'The Spectator says, "Sempronius is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels by a message to her footman! and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch!"

'To return to the towers. Queen Anne's good taste led her after a while to discontinue them, and to resume a more simple and natural coiffure. The Spectator thus alludes to the change:—"There is not so variable a thing in nature as a lady's headdress; within my own memory I have known it rise and fall within thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, inasmuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that we appeared as grasshoppers before them. At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seem almost another species. I remember several ladies who were once very near seven feet high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their headdresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex, being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees now lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shows the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbons, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there have been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble: sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple."

'The gentlemen's wigs had all this time been enor-

mous. Queen Anne was quite a patroness of full-bottomed wigs; and when the "Ramilieitie" came into fashion, by which the long waving curl, or to speak more accurately, the monstrous tail or fleece was gathered together by a ribbon behind, and one of her officers appeared at court in it, she said to a lady in waiting, "I suppose that presently gentlemen will come to court in their jack-boots."

'The large wigs were enormously expensive, costing as much, some of them, as forty guineas each. Of course they were as much in request amongst light-fingered gentry as a gentleman's watch; and incredible as it may appear, gentlemen were almost as easily deprived of them. We read in the Weekly Journal for March 30, 1717, that the thieves have got such a villainous way now of robbing gentlemen, that they cut holes through the backs of hackney-coaches, and take away their wigs, or the fine headdresses of gentlewomen. So a gentleman was served last Sunday in Tooley Street, and another but last Tuesday in Fenchurch Street; wherefore this may serve for a caution to gentlemen or gentlewomen that ride single in the night-time, to sit on the fore-seat, which will prevent that way of robbing. A most ingenious mode was for a thief to carry on his head a sharp boy in a covered basket, who, in passing through a crowd, would dexterously seize and conceal the most attractive-looking periwig.

The 'Chronicles of Fashion' are embellished with many portraits, and the book is altogether a handsome, as it is a decidedly entertaining one.

POPULAR LIBRARIES.

THE formation of libraries in parishes and other limited districts, which began in our country about sixty years ago, is now in the course of being extended over the whole empire. Libraries are also planted in hospitals, workhouses, and jails; in factories, war-vessels, and regiments. Indeed there is now hardly a group of persons of the humbler class which is not provided, or about to be so, with regular means of intellectual nourishment. Private persons, too, of no exalted rank or affluence, are enabled, in this age of cheap literature, to grace their homes with a goodly range of favourite authors, and thus add in a most important way to their rational enjoyments. While such is the case, we become sensible from applications repeatedly made to us that there is a great lack of right information with regard to the proper materials of popular libraries, both as respects the character of the books and what may be called the *bibliography* of the question; that is to say, the proper editions, and the prices at which they are to be purchased. It has occurred to us that in such circumstances we may, without incurring any charge of officiousness, come forward with an ideal catalogue of books suitable for the masses.

In doing so, we have of course as individuals been thrown much upon our own judgment. And our choice of books, like that of every other individual, being more or less peculiar, it follows that the present catalogue may not be, in all its particulars, what any one of those who peruse it would approve. Let it, however, be taken as a selection made to the best of our judgment and taste, and which we consider as liable to all kinds of modifications according to the peculiar views of those to whom it is offered. Many faults of both omission and commission will be found in it: a few interlineations will remedy the one, and a few dashes the other. We must at the same time state that, in forming the list, we have been guided to a considerable extent, both by hints from persons in the management of libraries, and by considerations as to the prices of books. Many classic works we omit, because they are found to be little called for in popular libraries; many others appear not here, simply because no moderately priced editions of them exist. The list, indeed, has been designed rather to comprehend the best of the cheap editions of contemporary publishers—the books fabricated expressly for the

masses—than a perfect summary of the choicest productions of British intellect. It is only necessary further to remark, that the whole class of religious books is unavoidably left to the special judgment of our various readers, as, seeing that we address all sects throughout the United Kingdom, any selection we had made would have been useless, excepting for a more or less limited party.

[The books marked with an asterisk are considered as the most eligible. The initials express the names of the publishers—thus: Bal. Baldwin; Bent. Bentley; Bl. Blackwood and Sons; Bu. James Burns; C. and H. Chapman and Hall; Cad. Cadell; Ch. W. and R. Chambers; Cl. Clark; Col. Colburn; For. Fordey, Newcastle; H. and D. Harvey and Darton; Kn. Knight; L. Longman and Co; Mox. Moxon; M. Murray; O. and B. Oliver and Boyd; Par. Parker; R. T. S. Religious Tract Society; S. and M. Simpkin and Marshall; Sm. Smith; T. Test; Wh. Whitaker and Co. The prices stated are for the most part the full nominal prices of the books, in boards or sewed, liable to a discount for ready money varying from five to ten per cent. In a few cases, a dagger is affixed, indicating that the price has been broken, and that the book is, by special care, to be had at a considerably lower rate.]

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ADEN.

Aden is a station on the Arabian side of the Red Sea, established only a few years ago for the accommodation of steamers passing to and from Suez and Bombay. The following concise account of it was lately given at a meeting of the Asiatic Society, by assistant-surgeon Malcolmson, who had been a permanent resident there ever since the place was taken possession of by the British Indian government:—Mr Malcolmson states that the town is built in the centre of an extinct submarine volcano, whose activity must have surpassed any idea we can form in judging from the operations of existing volcanoes; that after a season of repose, which may have lasted myriads of years, it became active again, and formed a second crater on the north-western side of the valley. He places the second eruption at a period long anterior to the existence of animal life. With the exception of one peak, the whole of the peninsula is composed of rocks unfit for building purposes, as they peel off in thin laminae when exposed to the air. The peak excepted is a basalt, projecting from the edge of the precipice, down the sides of which the masses required for building are thrown by the blast which detaches them into the valley below, where they are shaped for use. The writer is of opinion that Aden was once an island; and that the isthmus now connecting it with the continent, which is nowhere above six feet in height, or three quarters of a mile in breadth, was formed by the tides from each side meeting in the middle.

The animals of Aden are a few timid monkeys—believed by the Arabs to be the people of the tribe of Ad, transformed in consequence of their wickedness—some hyenas, many very beautiful foxes, and an immense number of rats. The reptiles are snakes, lizards, and scorpions of two kinds—one very large, reaching to eight inches in length, but whose sting is not dangerous; the other smaller, said to be very venomous. The plants are chiefly pretty flowers, growing in the hills; and there were some acacias of considerable size, and other trees, at the coming of the English; but these have been all cut down for fuel. The climate may be divided into two seasons, the hot and cold: in the hot season, the thermometer ranges as high as 104 degrees in the shade; but the heat is by no means unbearable; in fact, the difference between the sensible temperature and that shown by the thermometer is always

very remarkable. This great heat does not produce sickness; and although the troops suffered dreadfully at first, from want of accommodation and proper food, from the great fatigue and watching to which they were exposed, and from the dreadful filth of the place, now that these causes are removed, the writer feels warranted in stating, that a more healthy station does not exist in any British colony.

When the place was first occupied by the British, the population consisted of about 1000 half-naked and half-starved inhabitants: there are now at least 20,000 residents, well clothed and well fed; besides the troops, amounting to 3500, and a fluctuating population of 1500 souls. The water is very superior, and obtained from wells, in which it remains at the same level at all seasons. It is not, unfortunately, sufficiently attainable for irrigation, and there is but little rain to supply its place: were it not for this impediment, the success of the government garden proves that the soil would be highly productive. There are remains of large tanks on the peninsula, which the writer thinks were abandoned when the wells were dug; but in all probability they were used for irrigation, and, if restored, might be again available for that purpose. The dwellings are principally composed of wooden uprights, whose intervals are filled with reeds, and lined with matting formed of leaves of the date tree; they are cool and comfortable; and better adapted to the climate than more costly edifices. The chief objection to them is, their liability to fire; of which an instance was seen in the whole of the lines of the 10th regiment having been destroyed in two hours. The place is now healthy; the troops and their families cheerful and happy; they have good quarters and excellent food, and are on good terms with the inhabitants. The town is improving; ruins have almost disappeared; many stone-houses have been built, and others are building; the streets are now well levelled and regular; and the revenue has doubled every year. Mr Malcolmson is decidedly of opinion that Aden is destined to be one of the most important posts belonging to England; as there is every indication that the intercourse with India will be restored, at least in part, to its ancient route.

MONUMENTAL RECORDS OF THE DEAD.

In our public monuments, persistent interest has been too much forgotten. Beauty and grandeur of form have been sought for; useful beauty has been neglected. Mankind have reared a statue, with sometimes elaborate decorations and accompaniments, at an immense cost; but beyond a chef-d'œuvre of art, little has been achieved; the enduring form appeals to the age, and the influence stops. The highest range of art is to combine the useful with the beautiful, to render the memorial subservient to the purposes of public good, and thus continue through all time, not alone the name and figure of the now unbreathing great man, but continue as it were the nobler part of him—his mind, his heart, with all its man-loving aspirations; thus enabling posterity not only to read his name and see his similitude, but to feel his influences in the good they at the same moment enjoy, and thus, 'he being dead, yet speaketh.' One of the noblest monuments in this country records the name of a humble, strong-minded man, Thomas Hobson, carrier, of Cambridge. It is on a plain stone building, which supports four spouts of a conduit, which conveys a stream of the most brilliant water, brought at the expense of Mr Hobson from the Chalk hills, near Cambridge, into the town. A young lady, a governess, some time ago died at or near Ockley, in Surrey, the poor inhabitants of which were but ill supplied with wholesome water. This lady left some four or five hundred pounds to be expended in digging a well and constructing a pump; and beneath a very appropriate and elegant rustic covering stands the pump, on which is inscribed—

'The benevolent bequest of Jane Scott, MDCCLXXXVII.'

The pump, constructed for the good of poor people, who must be content often to get but good water, by means of the intelligent kindness of the beneficent lady, Jane Scott, will cause her name to be read by many a passer-by with eye-glistening emotion. This Jane Scott must have been a good woman. The carrier and the governess have struck a new and most truly poetic style of monumental trophies. It is to be hoped the idea suggested by these examples may be followed out generally. Ockley is a beautiful village at the foot of Leith Hill, on one road to Worthing from London. The houses are stretched along an immense

